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A Thursday at the Opera.

A good specimen of the "long Thursday" occurred this week. The performances comprised *Don Gregorio*, a comic opera by Donizetti; the new ballet of *Le Jugement de Paris*; one act of Bellini's *Il Pirata*; and a miscellaneous selection in the ballet department. The talents of Grisi, Castellan, Lablache, Mario, Fornasari, and F. Lablache (vocalists), and of Taglioni, Cerito, Lucile Grahn, Louise Taglioni, Petit Stephan, Perrot, and St. Léon (dancers), were called into question. The whole concluded before midnight, when scarcely a soul had left the theatre. The performances were stated to be for the benefit of Signor Mario, and attracted a crowded auditory.

Donizetti's opera was composed in 1823, for one of the Italian theatres, and is, consequently, one of the earliest works of its author. Its full title is *Don Gregorio, ossia L'Ajo nell'imbarazzo*. The *libretto* has but slight interest apart from the music—we shall therefore refrain from analysing it. Suffice it that it is one of those light comedies in which the Italian repertory abounds—is well adapted to operatic purposes—is as good as most things of its kind, and better than very many. The music has been very much underrated by the critics of the English press. Though Donizetti has written more happily, he has scarcely done anything so well as to bear out the promise of this youthful production. It is composed with facility, instrumented with skill, and sparkles with melodies, which, but for the after-havoc that has been made of them by other composers, (to say nothing of Donizetti himself,) would have sounded quite fresh to our opera audience. We shall instance no particular pieces—our eulogy applies to the whole work, many portions of which, judging from their graceful ease and natural simplicity, might have been found in one of the early dramatic scores of Mozart, without at all shocking the admirers of that incomparable master. There is, moreover, the *vis comica*, strongly shadowed forth, and the voicing of the concerted pieces manifests an experience that in so young a composer is unusual. In short *Don Gregorio* is a vastly agreeable *opera*, which may be heard often without tiring. Had the name of Cimarosa been attached to it, it would in no wise have astonished us. We are not surprised to learn that Lablache has frequently urged the production of this opera at Her Majesty's Theatre, since the part of *Don Gregorio* is quite on a level with *Don Pasquale*, and his other impersonations in that particular style. Théophile Gauthier, describing his impressions of one of Rachel's performances on a super-hot evening at Liege, exclaims, with that mixture of fanciful imagery and ironical humour for which he endeavours to gain a reputation, that "to be sublime in an oven, to sparkle in a temperature of furnace heat, to produce tears amid a sea of

perspiration, is the triumph of art and genius."* But if Gauthier could thus express his admiration of the shadowy Queen of Tragedy, whose slight form is scarcely strong enough to contain the spirit that resides within, what would he have said about the fat Lablache, from whose substantial frame the oil of humour drops profusely? He, too, was sublime in an oven, sparkled in a furnace, and brought tears from a sea of perspiration—but tears of laughter, more violent than those of grief. This, also, was the triumph of art and genius—yet more, the triumph of endurance, for on the spheric glabrity of such a body as Lablache's the sun loves to rest—but the keen ethereality of a fragile shape like Rachel's can defy its beams, being of a subtler and more searching essence; the eagle eye of the fair mourner would scorn it into meekness. But the rich drollery of Lablache is not the only feature in *Don Gregorio*, which calls for eulogy—the sweet fresh voice of Anaide Castellan riots in a luxury of gracious ornament. To an ear attuned to music, nothing can be more delightful than the young and vigorous tones which this charming singer peals forth in such glowing profusion. What Gongora, the Spanish poet, says of the nightingale, may with more propriety be said of Castellan, who has the suave melancholy of that solitary bird, without an atom of its monotony:—

Con diferencia tal, con gracia tanta,
A quel ruyseñor llora, que sospecho
Que tiene otros cien nil dentro del pecho,
Que alterno su dolor por su garganta."

And truly when Castellan indulges in the florid mood, we can easily imagine that there are, if not a hundred thousand, many other Castellans in her breast, who alternately sing through her throat. But this again is not all—for Mario sings his best in *Don Gregorio*, and being supposed the lover of Castellan, he naturally sings his tenderest. To conclude, Frederick Lablache, attired as a fat boy, in short jacket, and white inexpressibles, displays a humour that was before unknown in him. We should have preferred the opera of *Don Gregorio* precisely as Donizetti wrote it—but as it appears that there must be interpolations in all modern operas, we have no alternative but to put up with them. In the present case it is not over-difficult, since the interpolations are confined to a very pleasing air *d la barcarole*, by one Alari (a *maestro* and a friend of Mario's), a tolerably pretty romance by Maretzek for Mad. Castellan, and a brilliant and effective *aria di bravura* for the same vocalist, from the graceful and experienced pen of Benedict. This air, originally composed for Malibran, was a severe test of Madame Castellan's ability, but she accomplished it so brilliantly that even Benedict himself must

* "Etre sublime dans une etuve, etinceler par une température de fournaise, faire verser des larmes à travers un flot de sueur, c'est le triomphe de l'art et du génie."—*Feuilleton de "La Presse," July 23.*

have been satisfied. The orchestral accompaniments in *Don Grégorio* are written with the masterly ease which distinguishes Donizetti above most of the modern Italians. The care taken by Balfe to make them go smoothly was evident—scarcely a fault was to be observed. In a shorter time than his perverse opponents either expect or desire, Balfe will, if we mistake not, acquire a perfect command over the magnificent orchestra under his control; he may then thank these anti-patriotic critics for the encouragement they declined to give him, and set them at defiance. It is rather hard, by the way, that the composer of *The Bohemian Girl* should be made to suffer because Messrs. _____ and _____, critics *par excellence*, have not a nightingale box to themselves. This is what the *Athenaeum*, in one of its jocose diatribes, would designate “independent criticism.” It is as well for the fitness of the phrase, that “independence” just now serves the turn of the writer of the unread musical articles of that literary journal, which only abuses such books as are published by unadvertising publishers.†

After the opera—which, by the way, is likely to be a favourite with the English public—came the great hit of the present season, the *Pas des Déesses*, of which we rendered an account last week. The worship of Terpsichore is one of the characteristics of the epoch—“twinkling feet” at least divide the prize with nightingale throats, and the graceful movements of the dance yield nothing in dignity to the most ravishing vocal strains. The origin of the high reverence now paid to the poetry of motion must be traced to Taglioni—she it was who, with a soul in her feet, first discovered that the dancer might be made the medium of the highest expression of beauty—she, first of modern *ballerines*, found out the deep meaning of a *pose*, the infinite suggestiveness of a *pirouette*. The art was doubtless known to the Greeks, the remnants of whose sculpture declares beyond a doubt that grace of motion was with them a constant theme of praise, a frequent provocative of inspiration. Nevertheless, the names of their great dancers have not come down to us—in vain we look for them in Thucydides, Xenophon, or Dyonisius of Halicarnassus—in vain we search for a Homeric or a Hesiodic celebration of their individual merits—their names are not “married to immortal verse.” But their influence on the poets, who apostrophized the art while they neglected to name the artist, was undoubtedly. Had we leisure we could adduce a thousand and one citations that would serve our turn. But this is not necessary to prove that the Greeks, whose apprehension of the beautiful was universal, paid due reverence to an art which presents so fine a medium for its exhibition. As certain is it that the art was subsequently lost among the general ruins of ancient civilization. Since then it has smouldered in the embers of its old destruction, through the darkness of the middle ages, up till very recently, when the Italians and French revived, and so studied it, that it became eventually a species of refined gymnastics. Then arose the genius of Taglioni, which moved upon the chaotic mass as the spirit on the face of the waters. Soon was dry agility made the means of poetic manifestation—grace of movement was added to strength of muscle, depth and variety of meaning assumed the place of empty mimicry. The dance, no longer a mere exercise of the feet, became another language, wherein poetry could declare itself—a silent, but most expressive and passionate, music. Out of the new school thus created by Taglioni, came Fanny Ellsler, Duverney, Heberle, Cerito, Lucile Grahn, and Carlotta

Grisi. Who shall say that dancing is not now an expressive and poetical art, that well considers, by comparison of the styles of these celebrated artists, how the impulse of the mind can convey itself to the feet. Are not the grace and dignity of Taglioni, the wit and sentiment of Fanny Ellsler, the quiet elegance of Duverney, the voluptuous serenity of Heberle, the wild impetuosity of Cerito, the Bacchic *abandon* of Grahn, and the exquisite nature of Carlotta Grisi, the evident expressions of mental distinctions, of genial idiosyncrasies? Aye, as truly so as the overflowing sensuousness of Rossini, and the sparkle and finish of Auber, are declarations of the minds whence they emanate in a musical form. It is fantastic and splenetic—worse than either, it is *rococo*—to deny a high place to dancing among modern arts. Witness the furor on Thursday, at Her Majesty’s Theatre, where the audience is composed of the chief intelligence of this mighty empire, as the wonders and subtleties of the *Pas des Déesses* unravelled themselves one by one, the delight of the beholders increasing at every step, until ultimately it became almost, if not quite, a madness. Can it be possible that a mere exhibition of brute strength of limb, or inane agility of motion, should set the heads and hearts of our legislators, lawyers, *literati*, and divines, in a blaze? Fudge! Your old women may shake their heads, but Terpsichore will still shake her feet, and the wisest and best of the land shall be entranced. “*Le grand souffle moderne*” must not burst its cheeks in vain.

In our memory of the opera we cannot recal anything equal to the sensation produced by the *Pas de Déesses* on Thursday night. The dancing was of unparalleled excellence. Lucile Grahn out-danced herself—her *abandon* was as the *abandon* of a madman, who “shakes wide her yellow hair”—frenzied, inebriated, unconscious. Her step when, careless of herself, she threw herself backward as into the embrace of an unknown fate, spurning results, eager for distinction, was sublime. She was compelled to repeat it, amid the acclamations of the audience. Cerito, agile as a squirrel, supple as an eel, strong as a lioness, graceful as a kitten, flew and bounded, and circled again and again, till the sense ached, and the eye tired to follow her. The audience in extacies would have had her repeat every marvel, but Cerito wisely declined repeating more than the first step with St. Léon, when with her pretty hands clasped innocently together, she traversed the stage with her happy partner, in a chain of incredible leaps. To describe the gracious evolutions of Taglioni were a vain attempt—poetry never declared itself in more expressive guise—not did the charming *danses* fail to show that in strength and suppleness she has no superior. One step wherein she emulated the noble movements of the horse, and, as it were, galloped over the stage, she was compelled to repeat—the audience would listen to no denial, the plaudits and cheers were absolutely deafening. The *pas de quatre*, with the three great dancers in front, and St. Léon vaulting in the rear, was also compelled to be repeated. A word must involve our acknowledgment of the exertions of the master, Perrot, inventor of the whole—of the indefatigability of the ambitious Louise Taglioni, and of the praiseworthy efforts of Madames James, Honore, Lamoureux, Julien, Cassan, and Demelisse, the fair satellites who followed the motions of the greater stars, as the moons the evolutions of the planets. The curtain no sooner fell than Perrot was forced to bring forward his sister luminaries of the dance, accompanied by St. Léon, to be again applauded. We forgot to say that bouquets were showered at the feet of the three great *danses*, as the manna of old upon the heads of the famished Israelites.

But this was not all our Thursday night. After the *Pas des Déesses*, we listened to the stately Grisi, whom Melody

† *Vide* the slashing cutting up, administered to Mr. G. P. R. James, who was never abused by the *Athenaeum* until he published a novel in the *Sunday Times*. Of course the *Sunday Times* did not advertise the novel in the *Athenaeum*, or it would have escaped the castigation it received.

has made his queen and mistress, and who, with the graceful Mario, and the boisterous Fornasari, went through one or two scenes of Bellini's *Il Pirata*. Grisi acted and sang to perfection, introducing a florid air by some other composer, that she might not be vocally idle. Mario was encored in the *andante* of the grand trio, and received a similar homage in the popular air, "Tu vedrai la sventurata" which—overlooking the questionable taste of transposing the *Cabaletta* a semitone, without harmonic preparation in the orchestra—he sang deliciously, maugre the abundance of *falsetto*, in which, from necessity or inclination he has lately taken to indulge. At the fall of the curtain Grisi and Mario were recalled, and liberally brought on Fornasari to share the honor.

But this again was not all our Thursday night. As if we had not already a surfeit of good things, the three great dancers each appeared once more—Lucile Grahn in the splendid *pas* from the last scene of *Catarina-Cerito*, (with St. Léon,) in the clever and humorous *Pas Styrien*—and Taglioni in the graceful and characteristic *Cachouca*. The *Pas Styrien* was vociferously encored, and as the curtain finally descended at five minutes to twelve, the trinity of incarnate motion was forced once more to come forward, that the delighted audience might have yet another look. Three bouquets were flung upon the stage, from some fair hands invisible, and each divinity took one. And thus ended this exciting Thursday—short Thursday, not long Thursday, for the hours ran away on nimble feet—and thus ended that night's triumph of

GRAHN—TAGLIONI—CERITO

the charming triad—the three different notes which, combined, would make the harmony of dance, but for the absent essential, the leading note of all—CARLOTTA GRISI!

Such an evening's entertainment—spent within the walls of an edifice which in magnificence of decoration outvies the fabulous palaces of the Thousand and One Nights of the Arabian princess—out of London were impossible, and even in London seems almost incredible. Nevertheless there are critics, so styled, who, yellow with the jaundice of envy, and stricken with the palsy of malice, spit out their venom, and vent their impotent spite in the face of the management. These are your "independents," who while they jabber of impartiality, in an empty jargon of verbosity and froth, unblushingly apply the puffing they affect to despise, to things that are remarkable for almost every conceivable imperfection of design and execution. What these cormorants would have it were difficult to decide—what they merit is easily conceived.

The Brussels Company.

SINCE our last, *Guillaume Tell*, the masterpiece of Rossini, and Halévy's *La Juive*, have been twice performed. The event of most importance has been the début of M. Massol, the celebrated barytone from the *Academie Royale de Musique* in Paris, who in the part of *Guillaume Tell* has produced a most decided impression upon the Drury Lane audiences. M. Massol's voice is a barytone of delicious quality, limited in range, but pure and equal throughout. In concerted music it is heard without any apparent effort on the part of the vocalist, and has much of the effect of the tenor, in a quartet of stringed instruments. In solos, M. Massol displays the finest taste, and a style of declamation at once unique and admirable. There is a manliness and absence of all pretence in his delivery, which, independent of his very perfect execution, is of itself an irresistible charm. Moreover, M. Massol

vocalises with the utmost facility. No trait that he accomplishes presents the appearance of effort, but all flows on as quietly and easily as a stream of water. We could but remark the contrast, in the splendid duet of "*Ou vas tu?*" (better known as "*Dove vai?*" in the Italian,) between the strained vociferation of M. Laborde, on the stretch for effect, and the quietude of M. Massol, who was heard distinctly from one end to the other, maugre the convulsions of his antagonist—the word may pass. In addition to his admirable capabilities as a vocalist, M. Massol is a graceful and energetic actor, entering into the spirit of his part with the ardor of an enthusiast and the tact of an experienced artist, and evincing powers of dramatic expression, and easy grace of gesture and action by no means common to the majority of vocalists. In his hands the character of *Guillaume Tell* preserves the dignity and simplicity in which history has clothed the generous, brave, and warm-hearted champion of liberty. The first scene with Arnold, that in which occurs the magnificent trio, the gem of the opera, and the whole of the *conjunction* scene, were as finely acted as need be. The trio itself—by M. Laborde (Arnold), M. Zelger (Walter Furst), and M. Massol (*Guillaume Tell*), was nobly sung, and long as it was, the audience were desirous for its repetition. In all respects M. Massol's *début* was most brilliant, and has at once established him high in favor with the English public. The other parts, entrusted to Madame Laborde, M. Barrielle, and Mdlle. Guichard, were well performed. Madame Laborde sang the romance "*Sombre Forêt*" charmingly, but we should have preferred it without the alterations and embellishments. The choruses were highly effective. The band is not the legitimate band of the Brussels opera, many of its members being detained at home in the service of a German company now performing at the *Théâtre de la Monnaie*, in Brussels, their places being supplied by instrumentalists from Ghent, and several London performers. The wind instruments, however, are generally efficient, and we had again occasion to notice with pleasure the talent and style of the principal flute, M. Demeur, which shone conspicuously in the slow movement of the overture. Of the performance of the music generally, we are too displeased to speak at large, the alterations and omissions which the Brussels Company think themselves at liberty to take with Rossini's splendid opera being altogether too unwarrantable and absurd for discussion.

Though a dull and heavy opera, we are inclined to rate Halévy's *La Juive* as one of the most perfect performances of the company. The principal characters, by M. Laborde, Mdlle. Julien, M. Barrielle, M. Zelger, M. Boulo, and Mdlle. Charton, being well acted and well sung without an exception, and the band and chorus appearing more at home than in any other five-act opera in their *répertoire*. Mdlle. Charton, gains at every hearing in the public estimation; her singing and acting are equally remarkable for grace, intelligence, and decision; she is altogether a charming artist. *La Juive* was repeated last night, and, as on Wednesday, the occasion of its first performance, the principal performers were called before the curtain at the end. The company will perform five times next week. M. Massol will play, on Tuesday, his popular part in *La Favorite*.

"Musical World" Concert.

(*New Monthly Belle Assemblé*.)

SOME portion of the press have thought proper to object—and that in terms hardly civil—to what they please to think a bad system exemplified on the occasion of the

"Musical World Concert." The proprietors of the journal in question propose giving an annual concert (of which this was the first) to their subscribers, to which non-subscribers were and are to be of course admitted by the purchase of extra tickets. Now, whether the performers who assisted gave their services gratuitously, or were paid in bank-notes and gold, cannot, it seems to us, concern the audience in the slightest degree. The critics to whom we allude have, evidently, a wholesome dread of that species of gratitude which has been quaintly termed "a lively sense of favours to come," and think that the anticipation of such "assistance" may have influenced the discriminating editor of the "Musical World" in the matter of his past praises, and that the recollection of it may sway the baton of his pen for the future. Really this is a vapoury conclusion, which the light of common-sense must quickly dispel. Does not the very circumstance of his collecting certain individuals (allowing, for the sake of argument, that they be among those he has most lauded; and as they would be, doubtless, as an exemplification of his taste) afford to his readers an extra and peculiar opportunity of judging for themselves? And may not the promise of its annual recurrence be looked upon almost as a guarantee of continued impartiality? If the crowded and appreciating audience of July 8th, instead of demonstrating gratification by the most enthusiastic applause, had been disappointed, and shown their vexation as disappointed audiences always do, by a most infectious sullenness, or murmured discontent, it seems to us that a very perceptible "drop" in the circulation of the "Musical World" would have been rather among the probabilities than the curiosities of journalism. And really, taking into account the risk there is in every experiment whose success depends on the many-voiced public, we look upon the undertaking as one which only could have arisen from a consciousness of having sustained towards it the most unblemished good faith. The concert itself was one of the most charming of the season; though addressed rather to the tastes of artists and cultivated amateurs, than to the many whose ears are closed to the nicer subtleties of music, for want of the education which comes from hearing continually the best of its class, whatever that class may be. It opened with Beethoven's magnificent quartet in C—*Rasoumofsky*—executed, as it may be supposed, with the most consummate precision, power, and feeling, by Messrs. Sainton, Sivori, Hill, and Rousset. To this, which was most enthusiastically received, succeeded Mozart's "*Non Temer*," sung by Madame Thillon, in a manner which seemed to astonish those who are accustomed to look upon this gifted lady's style as one belonging to something below Mozart—a mistake originating in the fact that everything she attempts she executes in so fascinating a manner, that, whatever it be, the listener performs believes that is the very thing for which she is most suited. Miss Dolby, who seems this season to sing better than ever, gave "*Swifter far than Summer's flight*" (from J. W. Davison's Vocal Illustrations of Shelley), with a skill and taste which fully interpreted the composer's sentiment; even in the same spirit that he has wedded melody to the creations of one of the most musical of poets—musical, not only in the sense of music to the ear, but to the heart and understanding; a poet, whose song wells up from his soul, as if to place his readers' souls in harmony with all creation. Madame Pleyel played a duet—piano-forte and violin—with Sivori in the first part of the concert, and one with Vieuxtemps in the second; both were Beethoven sonatas, but the latter—the sonata in F—we preferred. The term which seems now to be settled in its application to Madame Pleyel is that of "the poet of the piano," and most just and appropriate it is. But, while

we acknowledge her by this title, we would add to it that she seems to us a poet of the *Improvatrice* school. True that the compositions she executes with such wondrous genius are not her own; but we maintain that the interpretations she renders of them most frequently are. The manner in which she plays with the difficulties has something in it startlingly wonderful; but the charm of it is, that her playing appears perfectly facile to herself, and one is impressed with the idea that she is delighting herself, while she is delighting her listeners. The delicacy and intensity of her expression can only proceed from her intensity of feeling, and delicate appreciation of every shade of sentiment; indeed her beaming eye and eloquent countenance proclaim it is so. Her playing, as compared with that of other celebrated pianists, seems to us what the ardent actress of genius throwing herself into the passion of the character she sustains, to be swept on by its torrent, is to the cold and rigid mannerist whose skill is acquired by practice and study. Another great feature was a fine concerto by Sebastian Bach, for pianoforte, two flutes, and double quartet, which the great musician Moscheles had the good taste to rescue from oblivion, and which no known pianist could interpret better than he. The finale was encored with rapture. Our space is well nigh exhausted, and we can but add, that Miss Bassano, Madame Macfarren, the Misses Williams, and various instrumental players of great eminence, also contributed their services on the occasion, and the whole went off with unqualified applause.

A Retrospective Glance.

(Continued from our last.)

A FEW words must suffice for the concert of Madame de Lozano, a vocalist of distinguished, though unassuming talent, and Don J. de Ciebra, the clever guitar player, which came off on Wednesday morning, July 1st, in the Hanover-square Rooms. The *beneficiaires* won laurels in their respective departments, and were efficiently aided by Mdlle. and Herr Goldberg, Mr. Handel Gear, Madame Mortier de Fontaine, Miss Nunn, and Mdlle. de Rupplin, vocalists—and Signor Ribas (flute), M. Silberberg (violin), an army of pianists, (Mesdmes. Allingham and Frost, Misses Calkin, Farmer, Fawcett, Nunn, Street, Thomson, and B. Williams, Messrs. J. B. Calkin, J. Calkin, Minasi, Noble, Weber, and T. Westrop,) who, under the experienced guidance of Mr. W. H. Holmes, executed Mr. Carlo Minasi's arrangement of the overture to *Guillaume Tell* for sixteen performers on eight pianofortes—and a tribe of guitarists, (Misses Aviles and Panormo, Messrs. R. de Ciebra, Gould, Aviles, Nogues, Piedra, Perez, Sierra, and J. de Ciebra,) who, on an equivalent quantity of guitars, played a Spanish composition called the "*Jota*." Being less known to the public than the other artists, we must bestow a line of praise on Mad. Mortier de Fontaine, who vocalised an *aria* by Donizetti with charming taste, and on young Leopold Silberberg, who in a violin solo, gave further promise of ultimately attaining the excellence prophesied of him by his illustrious preceptor, Ernst.

* Among the most interesting events of the season was the *seana musicale* of Mr. J. B. Cramer, which took place, before a select audience, in the Hanover-square Rooms, on Friday morning, June 12. The influence which this admirable pianist and composer has had upon the art of pianoforte playing entitles him to occupy a high place among those to whom art is indebted for that stimulus which ultimately induces progress. Mr. J. B. Cramer figures conspicuously among the great

generators of modern pianism. We find him with Steibelt, Woelfl, Clementi, and Dussek, at the close of the last, and the beginning of the present century, labouring hard to enrich the *répertoire* of the piano with works of sterling and classical merit, and to refine the taste of executants by his own pure and masterly performances. Among the illustrious galaxy of names, not one shone brighter than that of Cramer; whether we regard him as a pianist or as a composer, he has equal claims upon our admiration. As an *adagio* player, Cramer has served as a model to pianists for nearly half a century, and for more than thirty years Cramer's "Studies" have been their text-book—what greater glory could a pianist wish? It is most delightful to behold this venerable priest of art, now in his seventy-fifth year, as healthy, vigorous, and enthusiastic as a youth of twenty summers. Such was Cramer, when he summoned a select circle of his friends and admirers to the Hanover-square Rooms, for the purpose of playing before them some of his recent pianoforte adaptations of the quartets of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, with a composition of his own for prologue, and a quintet of Mozart for epilogue. But let us cite the programme:—

PART I.

Duet for two grand pianofortes, Messrs. Lindsay Sloper, and J. B. Cramer.....	Cramer.
Quartet in D minor (No. 2)	Mozart.
Quartet in B flat.....	Haydn.

PART II.

Quartet in A (No. 5)	Beethoven.
Quintet for pianoforte, with accompaniments for hautboy, clarinet, bassoon, and French horn, Messrs. J. B. Cramer, Barret, Lazarus, Baumann, and Puzzi.....	Mozart.

The opening duet—in which the veteran pianist was most admirably assisted by our countryman, Mr. Lindsay Sloper, a very accomplished musician, and one worthy of the distinction conferred upon him by Mr. Cramer—is an early composition, with the exception of the *finale*, which was written last March, and replaces the old movement. The *andante* in C major is melodious and charming; the new *finale* fresh and spirited. The arrangements of the quartets are to be commended, as short roads to the acquirement of a knowledge of a species of composition in which the great masters much delighted and eminently excelled. Of course, the musician, or the instructed amateur, would prefer hearing the stringed instruments, or, in default of these, perusing the score; but how many are there who have not the opportunity to do the one or the skill to effect the other! From such persons, then, Mr. Cramer is entitled to gratitude; he has given them the means of knowing what is well worth their knowing, but which they might never have known, but for the facility he has afforded them. Most of these quartets are already arranged for two performers, but we think Mr. Cramer is the first who has thought of compressing them within the compass of a single pair of hands. They were received with great and unanimous favour, loud applause following the end of every particular movement of each. The slow movement in the Beethoven quartet was one of the most exquisite performances to which we ever listened—grace, energy, passion, finish, all were there to make it perfect—it was John Cramer in his prime! The quintet of Mozart was capitally performed on all hands. The concert was altogether a demonstration of the high esteem in which Cramer is held by every artist of feeling and judgment. Many of our most distinguished performers were present, and the enthusiasm was unanimous.

On Thursday, June 25, Madlle. VALERIE DE RUPPLIN, a vocalist of considerable talent, gave a *matinée musicale*, in the Harley Street Rooms, and was assisted by the following

eminent vocalists and instrumentalists:—Mad. Claire Hennelle, Signori Brizzi and F. Lablache, Mad. de Lozano, and Herr Pischeck, vocalists—Signor Emiliani, (violin); Mad. D'Eichthal, (harp); Herr Drechsler, (violoncello); Herr Kuhe, (pianoforte); and Signor Pilotti, (conductor.) The programme gave general satisfaction to a full and fashionable audience.

John Sebastian Bach.

(Continued from our last.)

EMMANUEL, flattered by this proof of friendliness, informed his father of it; but Sebastian, occupied as he was by the duties of his new position, could not easily move, and either from forgetfulness or neglect, he had always deferred this journey. Kings do not like to be resisted. Frederick was astonished at this want of eagerness, and complained of it with bitterness. Sebastian, informed of the disgrace which threatened Emmanuel, undertook the journey to Potsdam, in company with Wilhelm Friedemann, the eldest of his children. At this period Frederic habitually had little concerts, of which he did the honours by playing on the flute. One evening he was preparing his instrument; all the musicians were placed round him, the most profound silence reigned throughout the assembly, when an officer entered bringing the list of strangers arrived at Postdam during the day. The king nodded to him to lay it down on the desk, and ran his eyes over it as he preluded; suddenly the flute stopped in the midst of a cadence, Frederic turned to those who accompanied him, and agitated with delight, he said to them,—"Gentlemen, I announce to you that old Bach is arrived." Instantly two pages were sent to the hotel where the chapel-master had taken up his abode. Bach, fatigued with the journey, was preparing to go to bed; a servant-girl came to him saying that some young men asked to speak to him. "You are mistaken, it is not I; I have not had time to let my son know of my arrival; and I know no one else in the town." At these words the court envoys entered the room. "You are Master John Sebastian, the organist?" "Doubtless." "You are then the person we want. We come from the king with orders to bring you directly to the palace." "But you see I am just arrived; it is impossible for me to accompany you to court to-night. Tell the king that I undertook the journey for his sake. To-morrow I shall be entirely at his service." "The king wants you at once. If you delay longer the king will himself come and fetch you." "You will at least allow me to change my dress." "It would take too long." And the two chamberlains seized him by the arm and dragged him off by force. Poor Sebastian, covered with mud and dust, was obliged to get into the carriage and go to the château. Meanwhile, Frederic, in order to receive his guest worthily, had distributed to the musicians the score of a motett for eight voices, by John Sebastian; and it was Emmanuel Bach, the court chapel-master, who led the music, improvised in honour of his father. The chorus was singing when Bach entered the first saloon. He expected to find the king alone, and was so dazzled by this display of harmony and light, that he did not at first perceive that his music was being performed. Meanwhile, the murmur became general, the name of Bach was whispered from one to another, the women leaned forward to look at him; himself, after a few bars, had recognised the king's delicate attention. Sebastian was happy, tears dropped on his cheek. Emmanuel, on his side, had again seen his father, from whom he had been separated for three years.

Never did Christmas mass appear so long to the clerks of a parish, as did this motett to the two musicians, anxious to hasten to one another. Emmanuel, in order to have finished sooner, hurried the time in a fearful manner; and thou saidst nothing, old Bach, thou; who in the churches, for one note sung out of tune didst contract the muscles of thy face, and break the desk with thy fist! At this moment the father completely overruled the chapel-master! What are tune and time when you meet your son after three years of absence! What music, had it been a hundred times more rapid, would not have seemed cold and slow, compared to the beatings of your heart! The motett still continued! Emmanuel could resist no longer. Suddenly, in the midst of a general *tutti*, he threw down his conductor's *baton*, and ran to embrace his father. The musicians, exhausted by such sharp work, then stopped, and profited by the absence of their leader to take breath; but the king, who wanted to hear the motett to the end, made them a sign not to interrupt themselves, picked up the baton, and placed himself at their head with a coolness as imperturbable as if he had been leading an army. The chorus once ended, Sebastian approached Frederic, and bowing respectfully, said,—“Sire, permit me first to thank you for your good-will towards us, and then to felicitate you on the new talent of which you have just given us proof. You have felt the movement of that piece better than any one. Emmanuel had taken it too fast,—it is evident that it is thus it should be executed.” Frederic, who attached great value to his talent as a musician, was extremely flattered by Bach's praises. “Chance has favoured me,” said he; “but even had I broken down, all here should be thankful for my good intentions; I only conducted the orchestra in the presence of so great a musician, in order not to deprive the audience of the pleasure of hearing one of the finest compositions of our epoch.” That evening Frederic replied to praise by compliments. After a rapid conversation, during which he questioned him on various points of the science, the king took Sebastian by the hand and presented him to the ladies of the court. As he passed, an old duchess who sat there surrounded by her daughters and nieces, made him sit down by her, and reminded him of his adventure at Arnstadt—the memorable service of Easter Sunday; the good lady would have told many other stories, if Frederic, who was jealous of his guest, and wanted him for himself alone, had not dragged him into the adjoining saloons to try some pianos by Silbermann. In less than two hours twelve pianos resounded beneath his touch, and twelve times did the musicians, dejected and discouraged, wonder at the strange fertility of the man who thus passed from one instrument to another, varying his thought and style without end. Indeed, after the first preludes, he took for his theme a large and austere motive, and worked it for an instant; then suddenly interrupting himself, he got up and sat down in the next room. All those who had heard him expected him to continue the melody and exhaust it. Not so, he invented another, began and stopped it as before when full of strength and life, and when it might have run along the keys for another hour. Two struck by the palace clock when the sitting was broken up, and the audience separated full of enthusiasm for the great artist, and of friendship for the old man who had devoted himself of their pleasures with so much complaisance and simple grace. The next morning at nine o'clock, a carriage bearing the arms of Prussia, stood at the door of the inn where the chapel-master lodged; that day Frederic was going with him to visit the organs of the town. Notwithstanding the fatigues of the preceding night, Bach had risen earlier than usual, in order to bestow the necessary time on the cares of his toilet. When he went down all the people of the house

were astonished at so much luxury, and did not understand how the great nobleman, who was going to court in so grand an equipage, was the same man whom the day before they had taken for some poor devil, from the mean appearance of his clothes. He wore a coat of black cloth over a satin waist-coat of the same colour, which set off a superb shirt-frill. Add to this, silk stockings, chaste gold buckles,—a present from the Grand Duke Leopold, manchettes of lace falling in profusion, and half covering hands of exquisite whiteness, and you will have a tolerably correct idea of John Sebastian Bach's gala-day costume. He was happy and triumphant; his eyes sparkled with life and youth; his face shone as it always did when he was going to sit down to a new instrument. The first church he went up to the organ and sat down; for it was his fate always to find the door open, and the instrument docile; and it is said in Germany that at his approach the organ uttered deep sounds, as a mare neighs at the approach of her rider. At the first preludes all acknowledged the master's marvellous facility; but what bewildered and ravished them all, was that large, simple, and sever execution, that magnificence of style, which could display itself only on the vast field of the organ. During the three first hours Sebastian had so lavished melody and science, that it seemed at last as if the source of his inspiration was exhausted. To end the day worthily he was about to unite in one vast symphony the innumerable ideas he had strewn on all the organs of the city, when, in the last church he visited, a melancholy spectacle offered itself to him. A young girl had died, and her companions in white veils knelt around her. When the service was ended they arose, and each one came in her turn to take a farewell of her friend, and to drop a few tears of holy water upon her shroud. Frederic was deeply moved by the presence of this pomp of sadness and affliction. When all the pale procession had passed before him, the king, wishing likewise to pay homage to the deceased, took the consecrated palm from the hands of the last girl, shook it, and held out his hand to John Sebastian, inviting him to do the same. Sebastian had disappeared; and while he was sought among the congregation, there suddenly arose in the church a strange music, a pure and celestial melody of ineffable melancholy. It resembled a chorus between the virgins of earth and the angels of heaven. The former deplored their chaste sister taken away from the tenderness of her mother, the love of her companions, the fresh sensations of youth; the latter sang of the glorious elect, and of the joys which awaited her in heaven at the right hand of the Saviour. It was he, the great organist, who poured forth from above his sonorous and melodious tears, he who poured out his harmony like holy water, on the bosom of the dead girl. Sebastian remained a few days longer at Potsdam, then, notwithstanding the entreaties of Frederic, who wished to keep him with him, notwithstanding the prayers of his children, he returned to his post, and departed, carrying with him the friendship of the king and of all who had known him. When he arrived at Leipsic he began to work upon a theme which he had received from Frederic, composed various canons, and published the complete work, dedicating it to the royal musician. This was Bach's last journey. The constant assiduity with which he worked had exhausted his power of sight. His midnight lamp had scorched his eyes, and now, each night, similar to the ebbing tide, left on his eyelids a thicker veil of gravel. Melancholy reflection! He destroyed his body whilst fertilising his mind; and his vigils prepared for him a sad and painful evil which was to terminate by the most deplorable infirmity. Sebastian was growing blind. He bore with calmness and

resignation the scourge the Lord inflicted on him; and if he consented to put himself into the hands of an oculist, it was more in compliance with the solicitations of his friends, than to find the cure of a disease which he considered incurable. The operation was twice undertaken, and twice failed. Thenceforth there was no hope; a mournful sadness seized him, like a presentiment of his approaching fate; his knees bent, and his whole body, before so robust, inclined towards the grave. Sebastian Bach dragged on a frail existence for six months longer; and on the 20th of July, 1751, fell asleep towards evening in the arms of his numerous children. Such is the history of this extraordinary man. I must add, that he was twice married. By his first wife he had seven children, thirteen by his second, in all eleven sons and nine daughters. All the sons were gifted with great musical dispositions. Now, if we descend into the details of his private life, we shall find nothing but sacrifices for his family, and continual devotedness to the unfortunate. Like almost all men of conscientiousness and genius, Sebastian lived, if not in poverty, at least in honourable mediocrity. The small revenue of his situation sufficed for the maintenance of his numerous children; what more did he want? Certainly, instead of living thus buried in study and composition, instead of passing whole days in playing heavenly melodies to the people, if he would have descended into the saloons of the monied men of Germany, and amused the idleness of noblemen, he might have amassed gold like so many others. But men of Sebastian's stamp accomplish to the end of the work for which they have been sent upon earth, and die in solitude and obscurity rather than imitate those mercenaries who traffic with art as with a thing to be sold. Sebastian never avoided an opportunity of assisting his brethren although these occasions offered themselves to him oftener than to any one else. His devotedness was known; and unfortunate artists, like stray travellers, hastened from all parts of Germany towards this beneficent light. Out of the whole number, not one could be mentioned whom he did not welcome, seat at his table with his children, and for whom he did not use all his influence. Men like him walk amidst the blessings of the multitude; the serenity of their countenance, the charm of their conversation spread harmony around them, and prepare souls to receive the divine music. They sow among the people the word which is given them; and wherever the soil is good this seed takes root and fructifies. Happy is he who spends his youth in their society; happy is he who remembers the work they have done, and, when they are forgotten by all, writes the history of their lives!

Dramatic Intelligence.

THE QUEEN'S.—(From a Correspondent.)—This theatre has recently been opened under the management of Mr. Abington, formerly of the Southampton and Norwich Theatres, for the performance of the legitimate drama—and “As you like it,” “The Merchant of Venice,” and *Venice Preserved*,” have been produced. We willingly commend an attempt to uphold the dignity, and extend the usefulness of the drama, and would earnestly support the efforts of any manager who proposed, with any probability of success, to devote his energies to this two-fold task. For the attempt, then, we thank Mr. Abington; but before we can congratulate him upon the success of his experiment, he must depute to an abler and more practical artist the task, which, with more enthusiasm than judgment, he now reserves for himself. Any anticipation

that reverence for the name of Shakspere, will induce a London audience to do more than tolerate the crude exhibitions of ambitious amateuring must end here, as in precedent instances, in disappointment and disgust. Mr. Abington made his first appearance in *Shylock*, and from what we have written above, it will be seen that we were not very favourably impressed with his performance. His originalities are chiefly in pronunciation; in his mouth the word “ducats” which *Shylock* makes frequent use rhymes with “buckets”; moreover, he unsparingly cuts off the final “g.” *doin* which, is “really too bad”—his voice is harsh, unmusical in tone, and uncertain in compass: his emphasis usually out of place, and his attitudes neither picturesque nor graceful. These faults are not redeemed by Mr. Abington's interpretation of the part: instead of giving us a breathing image of “the Jew that Shakspere drew,” a portrait in the spirit of the poet, and consistent and coherent as its great original, we were wearied with the defective repetition of well known lines robbed of their force and passion; which last words mean neither noise nor violence, though many actors, and Mr. Abington among the number, seem hardly aware of the distinction. We were much pleased with Mr. P. Emery's “*Launcelot Gobbo*;” it had the relish of comedy about it, and so thinking, we caution that gentleman against a besetting sin, an indulgence in which would compel us to limit our praises to the commendation, which, in admiration of his knowledge of natural history, Sampson Brass bestows on Mr. Quilp “He's quite a Ruffoon, quite!” The Portia of Mrs. R. Gordon, was however, the redemption of the play: it was indeed a performance worthy of the high and palmy days of the art: nay, it was even more, it was worthy of the poet. In the earlier and lighter portions of the play, the graceful archness and comedy of the character were very winningly rendered, and in the trial scene, the actress rose with the occasion, even to the height of that great argument which unfolds “The quality of many.” We hope that Mrs. Gordon's talents will not be lost to one metropolitan stage, which stands very much in need of such recruits: and though we cannot in truth do so for the *Shylock*, we beg to tender our best thanks and heartiest congratulations to Mr. Abington, for the Portia he has introduced to us.—S—y.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Madame Vestris and Mr. Charles Matthews have been the attractions at this favorite house during the week. Sheridan's farce of the *Critic*, Charles Matthews's comic drama, *Used Up*, the vaudeville entitled *Why dont you Marry*, and Planche's extravaganza called *The Sleeping Beauty*, have been the stock-pieces, and quite sufficient to fill the theatre, without having recourse to novelty. We should have thought the intense heat of the weather enough to prevent anything in the shape of crowded audiences assembling; but it requires more than mere heat to prevent the public from patronising Mr. Maddox's amusing theatre. W.

Review.

“*Treatise on Harmony.*” By ALFRED DAY. (Cramer, Beale, and Co.)

Chapter II.—*Of the Progression of Parts in Chromatic Harmony.*—The author states that, “The principal difference between the progression of parts in chromatic and in diatonic harmony is, that in the former it is allowed to use consecutive fifths, and to come on an octave by similar motion, between certain chords mentioned in the following chapter.” We find in this chapter the precise limits to which consecutive and

hidden fifths and octaves can be allowed—we say allowed, because such progressions have been always, up to the present time, employed in direct opposition to the letter of the law; and although universally employed in their allowable situations by composers of genius, and both in their allowable and disallowable situations by composers of none, we have been always taught, hitherto, to believe that the former have been inspired by heaven to do wrong, and to profit by it, and that the latter have been inspired by the former to imitate them; and as man's inspiration may naturally be supposed to be less infallible than the breath divine, so may we account for the manifold aberrations from the beautiful which we daily meet in the works of the inhalers of this secondary inspiration. We feel, therefore, that the musical art is greatly indebted to the author of the present treatise for his careful justification, derived from the examples (for which precepts are wanting) in the works of all those modern musicians who are received as authorities, of those things which the critical and well cultivated ear appreciates as beautiful; and for pointing out to the student the limits traced by the steps of genius, and demonstrating to the unwary when and how even the steps of genius have erred from the right road of truth. The following, which is one of the most heterodox passages in the book, is happily illustrated by a quotation from the Pastoral Symphony of Beethoven, and another from the opening chorus of Weber's "Oberon;" and it so fully bears out all we have said, that we give it as a fair example of the whole.

"Fifths by similar motion are generally to be avoided, but they may (even in the extreme parts) be used between tonic and dominant, as in the two last chords of each section, in the following examples:—"



Were we to extract all that we approve in the chapter before us, and to comment upon each passage, we should far exceed even the extensive limits we have allowed ourselves for the analysis of this most interesting and valuable work. We will only say that the rules throughout are most explicit, and that the musical examples possess this very great advantage, that by always giving objectionable passages by the side of those which the rules allow, the truth of these rules is doubly and most forcibly illustrated throughout.

Original Correspondence.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

MY DEAR SIR,—There should be but two motives for public writing—*information* and *amusement*. The gentleman signing himself "An English Teacher of Singing," having afforded neither the one nor the other, may justly be suspected of motives very unworthy of an educated man, or even a man of good breeding, inasmuch as his language is opposed to everything constituting good manners. The diction and spirit of the writer is not unlike that of a musician (whose talents, not his temper, I admire) who is located in a beautiful watering place, and it is a pity that the cooling springs have not cured his impetuous brain; but the maladies of the mind are not always improved by strengthening the body. It may be that this gentleman has written a work on the art of singing, and that some of his favorite notions have been laid open to objections, in which case the sale of the work might be injured, if credit were given to ideas in opposition to his. But it would be much more advantageous to himself, if, instead of calling Mr. Furtado "impudent" for writing his opinions, he had shown some superior knowledge in the art of vocaliza-

tion, then the *singing master* would have done himself some service; but when a man has nothing to tell, his only refuge is to complain of the ignorance and arrogance of another. It would be impossible to answer any part of the letter of Mr. Furtado's *jealous friend*, for there is no point at all in it; but if that gentleman, instead of asking who Mr. Furtado is, (which reminds one of two pugnacious boys, who with a malicious grin say to each other, "who are you?" and the other with a more *savant* gesture replies, "well, and who are you?") will make a few sensible objections on the letters in question—then some end will be answered; but if he cannot do this, he will have the *consolation* of knowing that his foolish illiberality has only called considerably more attention to Mr. Furtado's excellent letters than the "English teacher of singing" evidently wishes. I should not have taken the trouble to notice this gentleman's effusion, only I see that Mr. Furtado's remarks are worthy even of the attention of one of his own walk in the musical profession, and one too who is sorely troubled with jealousy. As to what this *anonymous* gentleman has said of me, I do assure him I receive it as a compliment, inasmuch as *unwary* musicians take so often offensive means of showing their *inward* feelings of respect for the abilities of those who have studied more successfully an important branch of music, which *singing masters* in particular invariably neglect.

I am, my dear sir, your's very sincerely,

FRENCH FLOWERS.

N.B. I am confident that the liberal minded Corelli, (Gabussi and Vaceaj, I have not the pleasure of knowing) would receive any thing worth knowing in his art with pleasure, and if it be beneath his notice, his position and disposition are such as would prevent him making any unkind allusions to a brother artist.

MODERN FRENCH OPERA.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

Covent Garden Flower Market, July 29, 1846.

MR. EDITOR,—It is now on the confines of a twelvemonth since I troubled you with one of my lucubrations. Do not imagine I was averse to writing—no, indeed—but I found nothing in your correspondents letters of late months, which afforded me an opportunity for my peculiar situation. French Flowers, I understand, has been occupied with his new hieroglyphico—contrapuntal treatise on the theory of music: Mr. Molyneux has been endeavouring to ascertain the difference between "the smallest one-sixteenth of the interval of the deficient minor third, and the smaller half of the redundant major tone interval," while Mr. Edward Clare has been spending his time in laudably attempting with might and main to glean a glimpse of understanding from Mr. Molyneux's musico-algebraics. But, sir, in the absence of the food the writings of these gentlemen presented to the ravenous maw of my critical pegasus, if find in your own leading articles, and elsewhere in the body of the Musical World, several remarks concerning the musical critic in the *Morning Chronicle* which call for a stringent notice from my pen. From your well-known fairness I feel confident you will at once receive this letter into your columns, and let your readers judge of its merits and intentions *per se*. I tell you, sir, you terribly underrate the genius of the above writer. When a man thoroughly understands the subject he has to deal with; when he brings to the task competent learning and a sound knowledge of the language in which he writes, what praise, think you, can be awarded to him for succeeding in his literary office? Can a woman with a beautiful mouth and pearly teeth, help smiling sweetly? But when a writer is absolutely innocent of the Art upon which he undertakes to animadver; when he exhibits the most limited possible acquaintance with Lindley Murray, should he not bow down before the supremacy of that talent which can write without language, and criticise without knowledge? Sir, I repeat, you have done much injustice to the musical critic of the *Morning Chronicle*. Let us take, for example, the last article on the representation of *Guillaume Tell* by the Brussels Company. We shall find here tact, ignorance, and froth, supplying the place of knowledge, not of language. I assure you sir,—but let this be *inter nos*, (I should say *entre nous*, but that I don't understand French)—I have heard one gentleman bestow very high praise on the article alluded to. To be sure, the gentleman was a fool, but when fools can see to eulogise, must not those gifted with deeper perception, find more to laud in the proportion of their superior discernment and quick appreciation? But to the article. The critic entitles Rossini's opera, "a stupendous production." Observe the tact! If I assert that the sun shines, I stand no fear of committing myself. The critic insists upon what nobody ever dreamt of disputing. It is very good. Now, sir, his ignorance is infinitely more perceptible than his tact. Be so kind as always to bear in mind, that I adduce *his* profound ignorance of the subject on which he writes as a proof of his genius. In the first place he places *Guillaume Tell* amongst the productions of the French declamatory school. Good—very good—excellent good!

Because Mozart wrote *Idomeneo* in Italian, and Rossini *Guillaume Tell* in French, the one must needs be Italian, and the other French music!!! "The force of *dulness* could no further go." *Guillaume Tell*, a French opera of the spasmodic, hotbed, declamatory, Parisian school. Where is it French? In the melody, in the sentiment, in the orchestration, or in the passion? Let us argue *seriatim*, that we may convict the critic of senselessness and ignorance on each of the four points. But always bear in mind his ignorance is my argument in favor of his genius. Are the melodies in *Guillaume Tell* French? No? Where they are simply expressive they are unmistakeably Swiss. Where they are uplifted by the situation, from any national characteristic they are as truly Rossinian as the strains of *Il Barbiere* or the *Gazza Ladra*; of a different order, I grant you, but of the same family. Now for the sentiment. Does *Guillaume Tell* possess an identity of sentiment with the French declamatory school? Let us compare, for instance, the great trio in the second act of Rossini's opera, and the celebrated duet in the fourth act of the *Huguenots*. Here the dramatic situations may be said to possess equal interest. In the trio we hear the very acme of tragic power developed in appropriate music. All is simple, touching, and sublime. No overstraining—no trying after novel effects, or new profundities of style. This is not the French school. In Meyerbeer's duet, on the contrary, however vividly it may seem impressed with dramatic vigor, all is forced and exaggerated. It smacks of the rant and fustian of the Porte St. Martin, and our own Surrey. And this is the French declamatory school. In the orchestration, more even than in the melody or sentiment, *Guillaume Tell* differs from the French school. The same feeling that pervades the instrumentation of Mozart and Beethoven has, to a high degree, dictated the choice of Rossini, or perhaps evoked the national bent of his genius, in his harmonies. There is a strong Mozartean flavor, without a shade of servile imitation, in the scoring of *Guillaume Tell*. Can this be predicated of any high work of the French declamatory school? And lastly, is the passionate music in Rossini's opera such as we find in Meyerbeer, Halevy, and like writers of the top-lofty class? Not a jot! The development of the passion is simple, solemn, and concentrated; without resource to trickery or finesse; devoid of bombast and clap-trap; such as Beethoven and Shakspere have fashioned in their moments of brightest inspiration. We have thus shown beyond a shadow of doubt the supreme ignorance in musical matters of the critic of the *Morning Chronicle*. But let it be remembered his ignorance is our proof of his genius!!! Indeed it is only necessary to read three lines of the article named to be convinced of what we have stated. It is hardly requisite to allude to the writer's category of mighty musical geniuses, in which he has placed Meyerbeer, Donizetti, and Bellini, side by side with Mozart, Gluck, and Rossini!!! Nay more; he has placed Meyerbeer in his mental statistics antecedent to Rossini. Hear him. "If Meyerbeer is to be"—mark his grammar—"made out a musical mountebank, then must Rossini be considered as a consummate charlatan, for both these great composers, when commissioned to write operas for the Parisian Academie Royale de Musique, electrified their admirers by a complete transformation of their respective styles, &c., &c." Let us pause to take breath. In this one phrase we are furnished with bad English, false premises, and a non sequitur. "If Meyerbeer be a mountebank, Rossini must be a consummate charlatan." This either renders Rossini infinitely inferior to Meyerbeer—another proof damning of the critic's profound ignorance in musical discrimination; or what is much more likely, it is an unfortunate jumble of words which the critic himself, with all his ignorance could not explain. With respect to the expressions, "mountebank" and "charlatan," as applied to Rossini and Meyerbeer, it is an entire assumption on his part, and is another proof of the tact of the great critic. He exhibits his modesty here. He knows his own incompetency to wrestle against truth, and he has recourse to fabrication. Who has coupled the titles of "mountebank" and "charlatan" with the names of Rossini and Meyerbeer? Believing, as we do, in the critic's genius, he knows well he can name no one writer who has so called them. Deeply ignorant, as he is, Mr. Editor, I cannot think him so entirely lost to reason, as to prefer the *Huguenots* and *Belsario* to *Guillaume Tell*. If, as he says, *Guillaume Tell* is stupendous, then must *Belsario* be stupendous, and the *Huguenots* stupendous. Having now defended him on the score of ignorance and tact, I can only find excuse for him on this head, by supposing him as unacquainted with language and logic, as he is with the art over which he presides as the *Chronicle Aristarchus*; or more properly, the *Museus*. I think, sir, I have now established, by my defence of the morning critic, that you have long done injustice to his genius. When you bethink you of the difficulty of a person creeping into even small literary repute without acquirement, taste, learning, or the knowledge of his own language, you must acquiesce in my conviction, that the person so unendowed, to obtain such a situation as the musical critic in one of the leading morning journals of the kingdom, must be gifted with more than a common share of genius. I think I could produce more disqualifications in favour of this gentleman's intellect on other

scores than that of ignorance, but I hope I have succeeded in confirming you in my sentiments. Should you, notwithstanding my eloquent defence, be induced to lash the poor critic to threads and patches, as you have done, I am grieved to say, many a time and oft, I tell you candidly, I shall take up the cudgel again in his behalf; and as I have defended him on the grounds of his supreme ignorance, I have other equally glaring defects, which I shall bring forward to render the brilliancy of his genius still more remarkable. I remain, sir, &c.,
SEBASTIAN FRONT.

Words for Music.

BY J. R. LING.

I will love thee! truly, well,
Not with weak or transient feeling,
But with love that none can tell—
With a passion past revealing.

I will love thee! for the love
Thou hast proved as well as spoken;
For the vows once heard above—
For the faith thou ne'er hast broken.

I will love thee! for thy smile
Speaks a language soft and tender,
Every sorrow to beguile—
Every happiness to render.

I will love thee! thine eyes' light
Is dear to me as gushing fountains
To the thirsty traveller's sight:
Or to Alpine born, the mountains.

I will love thee! thou shalt be
A treasured hope my heart to gladden;
Whilst thou fondly smil'st on me,
Pain or care can never sadden.

I will love thee! to the last;
Joy its light may shed above me,
Or gloomy sorrow shadows cast,
Still dearly, truly, I will love thee!

Miscellaneous.

CARLOTTA GRISI.—After great success at Manchester and Liverpool, this admirable *danseuse* has achieved a brilliant triumph at Dublin, where she was engaged for five nights. On Saturday she debuted in the ballet of the *Devil to Pay*, before a house crowded to the ceiling. The enthusiasm was immense—Carlotta was called before the curtain several times—bouquets were awarded her in abundance, and encores followed her three principal *pas*. The charming *danseuse* was never received with more unanimous favour. She will be in London on the 4th of August.—*Morning Herald*.

MADILLE. ERNESTA GRISI.—The attractions offered by this intelligent vocalist, at her benefit on Monday evening, in the St. James's Theatre, merit again calling attention to. A comedy, by the company of the establishment, a miscellaneous concert, at which many eminent artists will assist, the Ethiopean Serenaders, and a *ballet*, will be comprised in the evening's entertainments. In the last-mentioned, the celebrated Carlotta Grisi will appear, for the first time since her triumphs in the provinces. This fact alone, independently of the merits of Madille. Ernesta Grisi, the amiable *beneficiaire*, and the unusual variety and interest of the entertainment she offers to the public, would be sufficient to ensure a house crowded to the ceiling—else all taste for that charming art, of which Carlotta Grisi is the undisputed queen, must be virtually extinct in

this metropolis—a fact impossible to imagine, much more to believe.

MADAME ANNA THILLON.—This highly accomplished and fascinating artist made her last two appearances at the Haymarket Theatre, on Monday and Wednesday last, on the occasion of her own benefit, and that of Mr. Webster, the spirited and intelligent lessee of the establishment. Crowded audiences attended both events, and Madame Thillon was received with enthusiasm, and forced to appear before the curtain at the end of her performances. Mr. Webster's benefit constituted the 554th night of the season, the long duration of which is unprecedented in the chronicles of the drama. After three nights at Brighton, for which Mr. Hooper lessee of the Brighton Theatre has secured her services, Madame Thillon, will return to Paris. Her reappearance at the Haymarket next spring is almost certain—an agreeable fact for the admirers of that perfect union of dramatic and vocal talent, of which Madame Thillon is so remarkable an instance.

MASSOL.—Since our last account of the performance of the Brussels Company, M. Massol, the barytone from the *Academie de Paris*, has appeared twice in the opera of *Guillaume Tell*, and has produced a highly favourable impression. Not only is M. Massol an actor of experience and superior ability, but his qualities as a vocalist bear out all that fame has uttered in his favour. His voice though of special range, is of exquisite quality—sonorous and telling through all the exigencies of concerted or choral music. The facility with which M. Massol executes florid passages is not less remarkable than the beauty and purity of his *cantabile*, and the contempt of ornament which imparts additional interest to the manly simplicity of his general style. The Belgian company could hardly have made a more advantageous addition to their strength, and M. Massol will in all likelihood become as great a favourite with the London audiences as he has long been with those of Paris and Brussels.—*Times*.

MADEMOISELLE RACHEL.—A sudden attack of illness has deprived the public of the services of this transcendent artist during the week just expired. On Monday, however, we trust that convalescence will allow Mdlle Rachel to renew her performances; she is announced in Mr. Mitchell's advertisements to play Roxane, in Racine's tragedy of *Bajazeth* on that evening.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—The benefit of Mr. J. M. Stephens, of the free list, one of the most obliging and respected officers of Mr. Webster's excellent establishment, is fixed for Wednesday next, when a variety of interesting entertainments, employing the talents of the principal artists of the establishment are announced. We heartily trust, and have little reason to doubt, that Mr. Stephens will have a bumper.

HEREFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—The programme of the 123rd meeting of the choirs of Hereford, Gloucester, and Worcester, which is to be held on the 9th, 10th, and 11th of September, contains much that is excellent and interesting. On Wednesday the 9th, the morning service in the cathedral will include among other pieces, Handel's "Dettigen Te Deum," Purcell's "Jubilate" in D, Croft's Anthem, "God is gone up," Boyce's "O where shall wisdom be found," and Haye's "O worship the Lord." On Thursday morning, in the cathedral, the performance will consist of Mozart's "Requiem," adapted to English words by Professor Taylor, of Gresham College, and Spohr's oratorio, "The Fall of Babylon;" and, on Friday morning, "The Messiah" will be performed, with Mozart's accompaniments. There will be three evening miscellaneous concerts, consisting

of selections of English and foreign music, vocal and instrumental. Of these concerts the chief features will be Mendelssohn's cantata, "The first Walpurgis night," a selection from Weber's "Oberon," and Mendelssohn's music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The principal singers are, Miss Birch, the Misses Williams, and Miss Dolby; Messrs. Hobbs, Lockey, Hatton, Machin, and Phillips—all English! The instrumental band has been selected principally from the Philharmonic Society, and contains all the performers belonging to that body; and the chorus is from the Ancient and Philharmonic concerts, and from the choirs of many of the provincial cathedrals. The conductor of the festival is Mr. Townshend Smith, of Hereford. Mr. T. Cooke is leader of the morning performances, and Mr. Willy leader of the concerts.

MR. EDWIN FOREST, the American tragedian, has arrived in town from a recent tour in Mauritania, and the southern parts of Spain. After a short stay in England, Mr. Forest intends returning to the United States, where he will resume his professional engagements.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—A new Comedy in three acts, from the pen of Mr. Morris Barnett, has been accepted by Mr. Webster, and will be immediately put in rehearsal.

DEATH OF MR. LOGIER.—Mr. J. B. Logier died near Dublin recently, aged 66. He invented a new system of teaching music in classes some thirty years ago, which caused a paper war between the old big-wigs and himself, the particulars of which Logier printed in a pamphlet, in 1818. He was the inventor of the Keyed Bugle, also of the Chiroplast, and was a very talented man, both as a composer and a practical performer.

JENNY LIND is at present at Hamburg, where her success, as it has been elsewhere, is unprecedented. She is engaged from December to March next, inclusive, at Vienna, and is to receive, for these five months, 100,000f. (£4,000 sterling.)

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Signor Costa has accepted the post of conductor for the ensuing season, offered to him by the recently elected directors.

THE SERPENTCLEIDE.—Our orchestras have lately received a valuable addition, in a new instrument of the above name, which has been introduced by M. Jullien. It combines, in a superior degree, the excellences of the serpent and the ophicleide, possessing the power of the one and the softness of the other; and whether considered either as a bass or as a solo instrument, it is of great value. It is the invention of Mr. Charles Huggett.—*Worcester Journal*.

THE LATE JOHN BARNARD LOGIER, Esq.—In our obituary will be found the announcement of this musical professor's decease, at an advanced age, at his residence, Stephen's Green, Dublin. His name is familiar to all the musical professors in Europe, and his works for the pianoforte student, and theoretical works for the science of music, have been nearly forty years in use in the United Kingdom. In the year 1815, Messrs. Ward and Andrews introduced the Logierian system of musical education into this town, and numerous teachers have since adopted it. In Prussia it was once adopted as the national plan of musical instruction, and has since been further disseminated. Few men have equalled Mr. Logier in the enthusiasm and industry with which he pursued and carried out his plans of musical education.—*Manchester Courier*.

HENRY RUSSELL has been singing with immense success at Rochester and Dover, where he gave his entertainments on Monday the 21st, and Tuesday the 22nd ult. to very crowded houses.

WISBADEN.—Mr. Ignace Gibone, a highly talented pianist and musician, of whom our Brussels correspondent has frequently spoken in eulogistic terms, has been making a very successful tour in the Rhine provinces. A concert recently given by him at Wisbaden proved eminently attractive. The following was the programme:

PREMIÈRE PARTIE.
Grand Caprice sur le Carnaval de Venise, composée par Ignace Gibone.
Der Wanderer, Melodie von Schubert, exécutée par Ignace Gibone.
Improvisation sur les Thèmes connus.

DEUXIÈME PARTIE.
Un-étude de Mouche, exécutée par Ignace Gibone.
Romance caractéristique, Dors tu, ma vie, composée par Ignace Gibone.
Thème Russe, arrangé et exécuté par Ignace Gibone.

By which it will be seen that Mr. Gibone sustained the whole concert himself. The room was crowded, and the various pieces were greeted with the loudest applause. The performance took place in the *Cursaal*, on Saturday, July 11, at six o'clock. After the concert there was a ball, which proved very animated and brilliant.

THE DISTIN CONCERTS.—On Monday evening the first of the series of these Concerts took place at the Royal Subscriptions Rooms, when, after an absence of several years, the talented Distin Family once more appeared before an Exeter audience. Since they last performed here their improvement has been very great—they are unquestionably masters of their instruments in the strictest sense of the term. That royal gift of Louis Philippe, the Silver Sax-Horns, has evidently been a present made to persons who can fully estimate its value. The Distins (Father and Four Sons) are indeed heard to perfection on those instruments, in the construction of which the greatest skill has evidently been shown—for beauty of tone, sweetness, and power, the Sax-Horns may well challenge the strictest competition. The performance of the Distins has proved that what we lately heard respecting them has not been in the least exaggerated, and their execution is just such as we should expect from persons who in Paris, Berlin, and other Continental Cities were welcomed with the highest applause. What we particularly admire is the fine style of playing which they have adopted—such as has not inaptly been denominated "solid" where pathos, sweetness, and distinctness reign pre-eminent, forming a complete contrast to that ostentatious display of mere "difficulties" so often to be detected in those who seem ever anxious to make soul and feeling mere subordinates to manual dexterity. Their first piece was Donizetti's Quintette, from Lucia, "Soffriva nel Pianto." A Solo on the Sax Tromba, an Air and Variations, by Mr. H. Distin, followed; and was succeeded by a Quintette, from Rossini's Stabat Mater. This was most enthusiastically applauded, and in a Quartette, Beale's much admired prize glee "Harmony," the instruments were heard with beautiful effect, and encored. The second part commenced with a Fantasia, "The Soldier tried," on the trumpet, Mr. Distin, and was encored,—it was an extraordinary proof of perfect command over the instrument. Mr. H. Distin was also encored in a delightful Solo, on the Sax-Horn, from La Sonnambula, and was followed by a really grand Fantasia, in which the whole of the instruments were heard with powerful effect. It was a selection of Themes, from the Opera "Les Huguenots," arranged expressly for the Sax-Horns, and performed by the Distins in Berlin before the composer himself, the renowned Meyerbeer, who complimented the performers in the most gratifying manner. The Finale was "God save the Queen," given in a style of finished excellence. It affords us great pleasure to find a Devonshire family thus distinguished in the musical world, and it is especially gratifying to find

that in the highest and most accomplished circles their reputation has been at once acknowledged. The vocal part of these concerts was also deserving approval: Miss Moriatt O'Conner, of the nobilities concerts, gave with much taste, a ballad, by Wallace, "Scenes that are brightest," and Mr. Millar, of the Bath, Bristol, and Clifton concerts, was encored in his own pleasing ballad, "Those Village Bells." Mrs. Millar, also of Bath, displayed much ability in a song, "The Blind Flower Girl;" Mr. and Mrs. M. were encored in Dr. Clarke's Duet, "Born in you blaze of orient sky," and amongst the other pieces we must not pass by unnoticed Crouch's beautiful song, "Kathleen Mavourneen," by Miss Moriatt O'Connor. In noticing these concerts we must express our warm approval of the exertions made by Messrs. D. and F. Smith, who have thus afforded us an opportunity of hearing talent of a very high order. The musical public of this city and neighbourhood is indebted to Messrs. Smith for their endeavours on many occasions to give an opportunity of enjoying the pleasures of music at a moderate price. In their concerts last year they displayed this feeling in a most praiseworthy manner, and although they may not have been so successful in their efforts as we could desire they may rest assured that such spirited attempts will be remembered by all who take an interest in diffusing amongst the people of this country a correct taste for enjoying such a rational, pleasing, and intellectual pleasure as music affords.—*Exeter Flying Post.*

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